

GOLD
KEY

YOGI BEAR

HANNA-BARBERA

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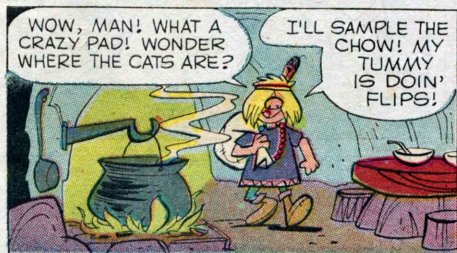
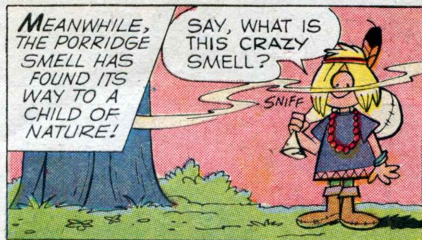
YOGI BEAR

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Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR

GOLDIE KNOX AND THE TWO BEARS



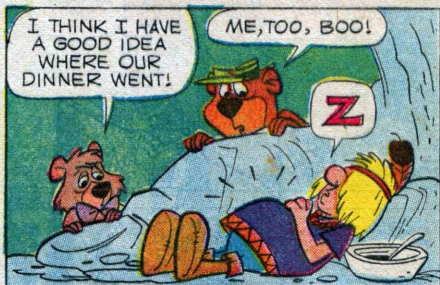
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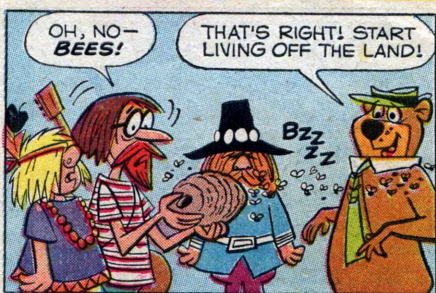
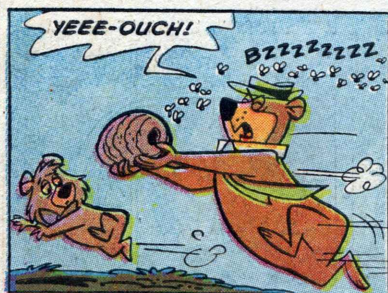
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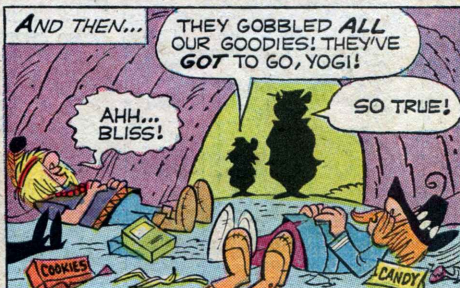
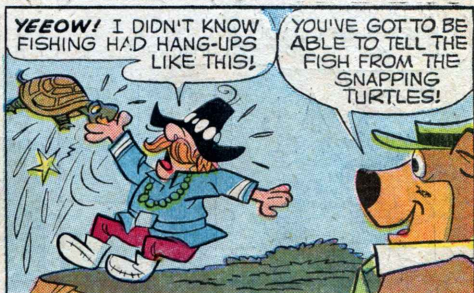
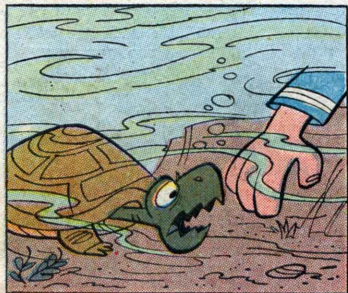


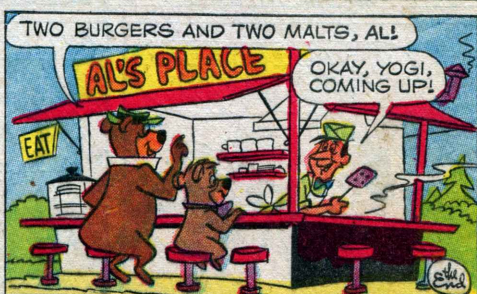
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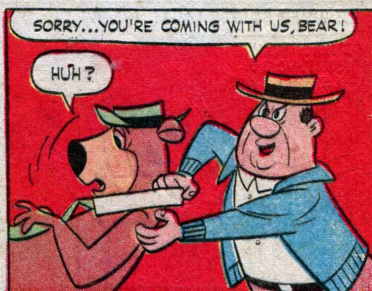




Yogi
Bear

The BEAR BREAK

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AND LATER...

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS IN FOR?

THEY TOOK US WITHOUT REASON!

CITY ZOO

THAT'S RIGHT!

GRIZZLY

BRUIN

POLAR BEAR

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! CORRECT, LUM? AW-HAW!

CORRECT! AW-HAW!

GEE, YOGI... THOSE ARE PRETTY TOUGH GRIZZLY BEARS!

DON'T WORRY, BOO BOO...

WE WON'T BE HERE LONG! UNLESS I'M WRONG!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, YOGI! (SIGH!)

HEY! US GUYS ARE GONNA STAGE A BREAK! YOU WANT IN?

NOT US, GROWL BOY...

NOT BY THE HAIR OF OUR CHINNEY CHIN CHINS!

THAT'S TELLING THEM, YOGI!

THAT NIGHT...

LOOK, YOGI... THE BEARS ARE BREAKING OUT!

IGNORE THEM, BOO BOO!

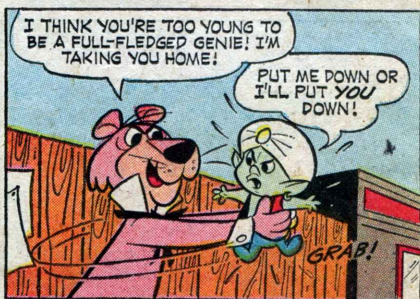
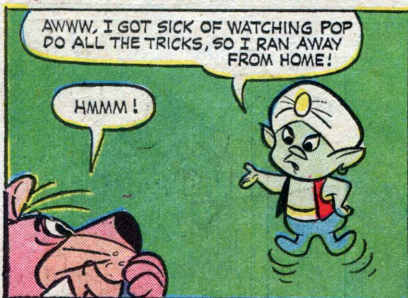
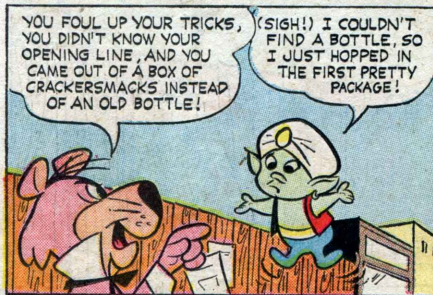
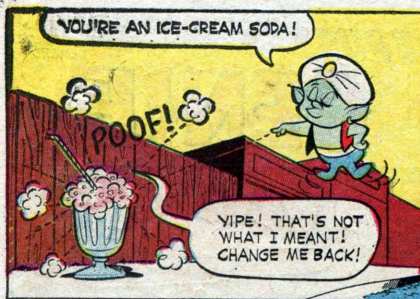


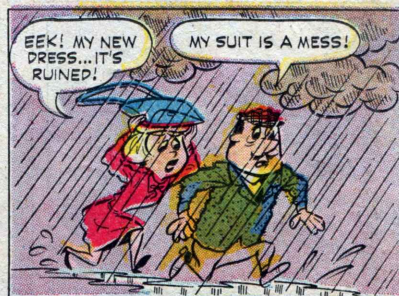
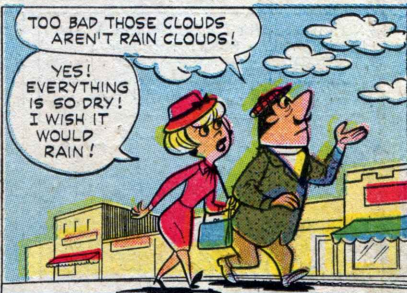
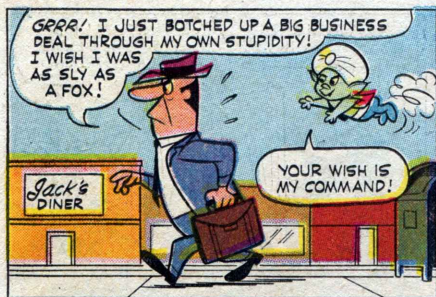


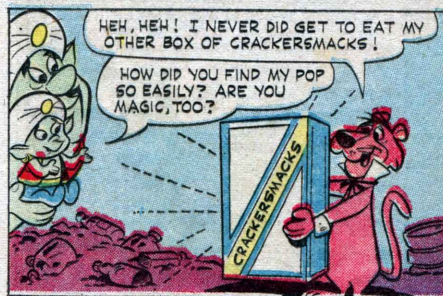
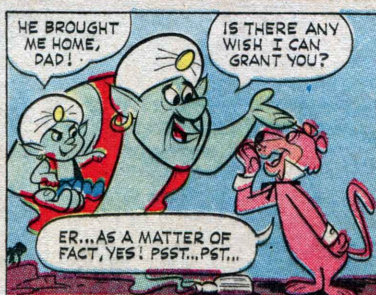
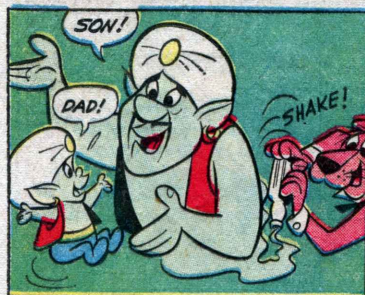
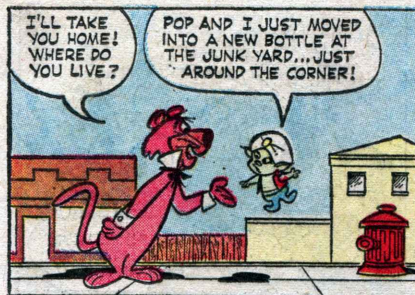
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11-SC49A



Yogi Bearer The Music Maker

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(ULP!) HERE COMES THE
RANGER, YOGI! HE'S
PROBABLY MAD BECAUSE
WE MOOCHED THESE
SANDWICHES OFF
A TOURIST!

YIPE! HE'S
GOT A
VIOLIN CASE!

HEY! MAYBE HE'S NOT MAD AND HE WANTS TO
SERENADE US!

SHOOT US, YOU MEAN!
YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH MOVIES
TO KNOW THEY NEVER CARRY
VIOLINS IN THOSE CASES!

IT'S ALWAYS A GUN!

GEE! YOU THINK HE'S THAT MAD
ABOUT A COUPLE OF SANDWICHES?
MINE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE LETTUCE!

OOOPS! WE RAN INTO A TRAP!

OKAY, FELLAS! I'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING TO TAME YOU...
NOW I'M TRYING
THIS!

THEY SAY MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE
BEAST! HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS ON YOUR
SAVAGE APPETITES!

SCREEE!
SCHWAKRK! 
SCREEE!

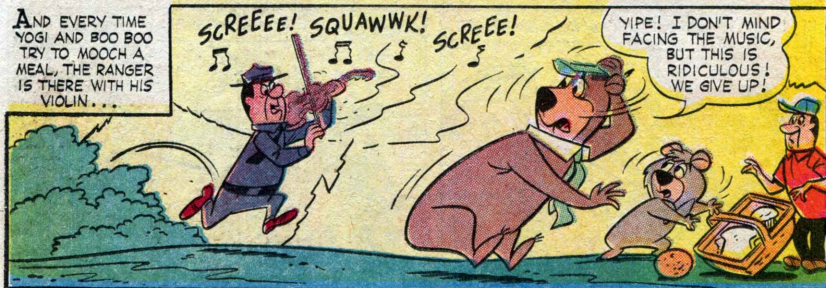
YOU KNOW, I ALMOST WISH
IT WAS A GUN, SON!

SCREEE!

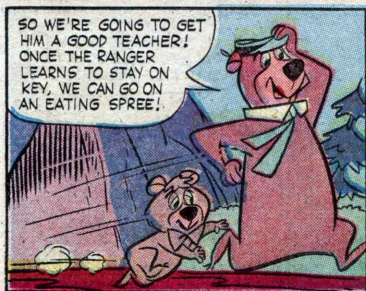
WAIT! WE GIVE UP! WE
PROMISE TO BE GOOD IF
YOU STOP THE MUSIC!

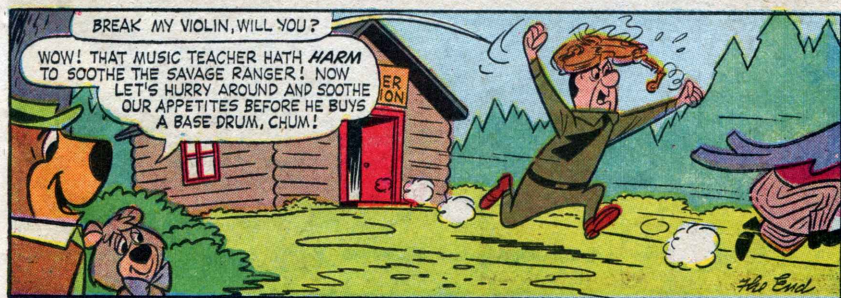
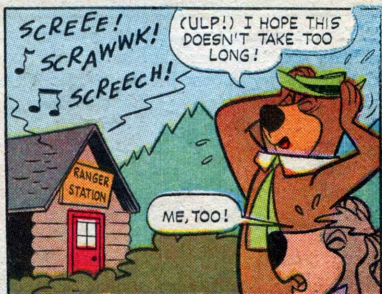
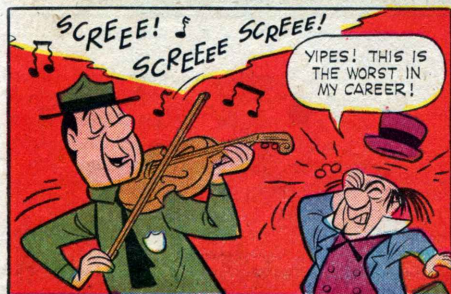


AND EVERY TIME YOGI AND BOO BOO TRY TO MOOCH A MEAL, THE RANGER IS THERE WITH HIS VIOLIN...



THE BOYS ARE GETTING DESPERATE...AND THINNER...





The TURTLE SOUP BLOOP



T. Tankhead Turtle was sitting happily under a large elm tree near his home when suddenly a rope dropped around him from above. It was promptly jerked taut.

"Aha, got'cha," said a gruff voice.

"Yeah, we got him," cried an even gruffer voice.

And from out of the elm tree dropped a pair of scoundrels whom T. Tankhead recognized as Billy and Bobby Bobcat, two of the meanest critters in the forest... next to their brother Buster, that is.

T. Tankhead struggled, but the rope held him fast.

"What do you fellows want?" he spluttered. "I demand to know the meaning of this outrage."

"Har, har! He demands," laughed Bobby Bobcat rudely. "Why, it's simple. We're hungry, and our brother Buster is, too. He told us to catch you, and then we'd soon have the best soup we ever tasted. It looks like it's the pot for you, Turtle."

"Ho, ho," laughed T. Tankhead. "Buster would never do that to me, even if he is supposed to be the meanest bobcat in the forest. We're friends."

"Friends? Heh, heh. I'll just bet," said Billy Bobcat.

"We were in the forest fire-watching service together one summer," explained T. Tankhead Turtle. "Many's the time we tramped through the forest for days on end without ever seeing a soul. Old Buster would never make turtle soup of me. We'll get this straightened out if you just take me to him."

"No need to do that," chuckled Bobby Bobcat, rubbing his hands together in anticipation. "He's on his way here now, and

we'll soon have a steaming pot of turtle soup."

"Shhh! Quiet. Someone's coming," whispered Billy.

And sure enough, T. Tankhead could just make out the form of Buster Bobcat heading toward them through the underbrush.

"Howdy there, old pal," hollered T. Tankhead Turtle.

"Hi, Tank," said Buster Bobcat, running up to where T. Tankhead was tied.

"Hey, you guys," he said, addressing his brothers. "What's the big idea of the rope?"

"Well, you said to catch him," said the brothers.

"But not like this, you dumb oafs," growled Buster.

And with that, he began to loosen the rope that bound his friend. When he had finished, he apologized to T. Tankhead.

"Sorry about this, old pal," he said.

"Oh, that's okay," said T. Tankhead. "But for a second there, they about had me believing that I was in the soup."

"Ho, ho, ho! That's a good one. If I put you in the soup, how do you think I would ever get you to make any of that good forester's soup you used to cook up when we were out on fire patrol?"

"So that's it," laughed T. Tankhead.

"Sure. The boys and I got hungry, and I told them that if they could catch you at home, we'd have some really good soup."

Later, as they all sat around a cheery fire, eating their forester's soup, T. Tankhead chuckled, "I'm relieved to find out that you fellows ended up with your soup made by a turtle instead of with a turtle!"

YOGI
BEAR

ROCK-A-BYE BOO BOO

SHUT THE DOOR
PART WAY, BOO BOO!

COVER MY
FEET!

SCARE UP A TUNA AND
DILL PICKLE SANDWICH!

SCRATCH MY BACK!

YAWN FOR ME!

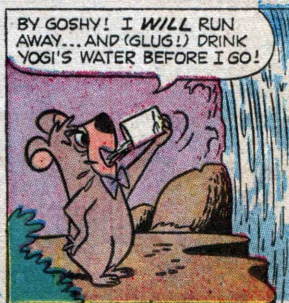
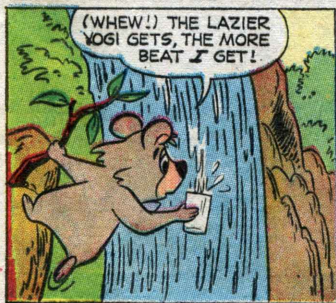
YEP, YOGI!

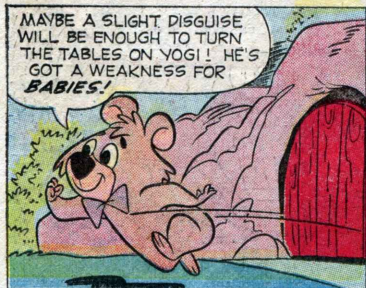
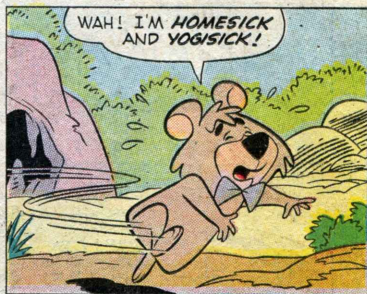
OKAY, YOGI!

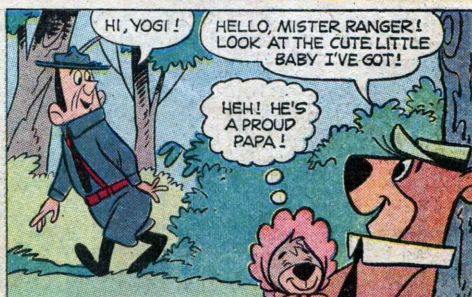
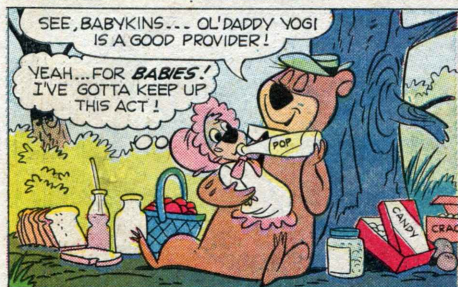
SURE, YOGI!

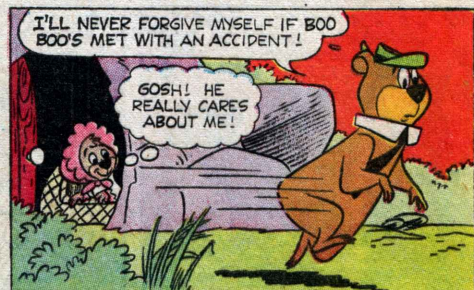
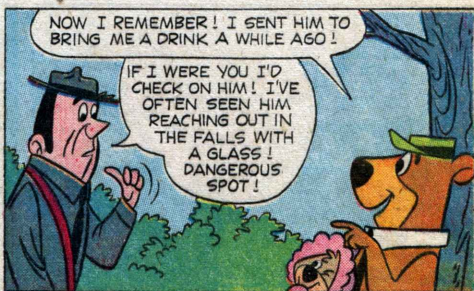
YES, YOGI,
YES!

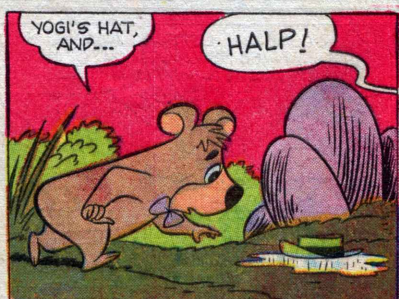
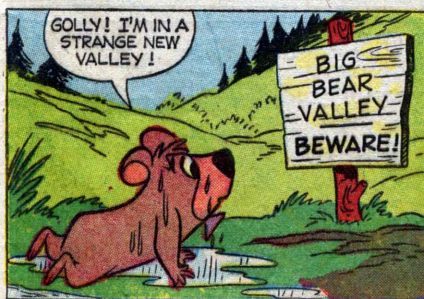
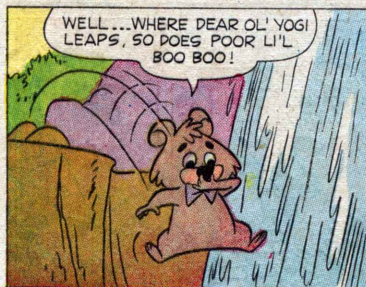
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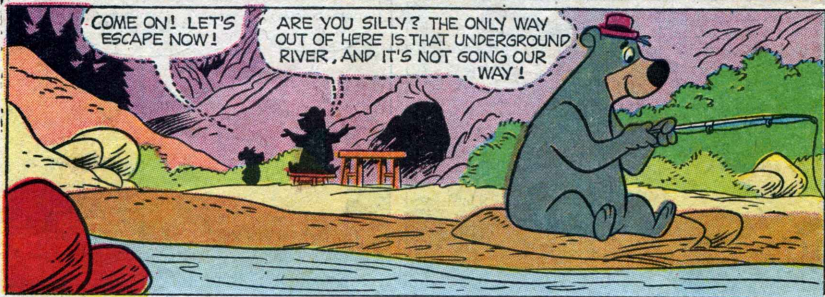


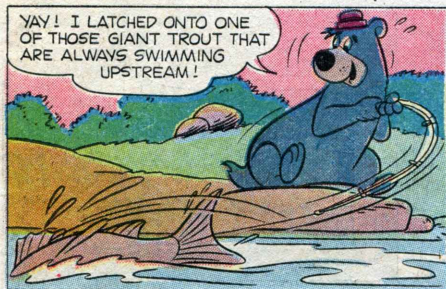












YAY! I LATCHED ONTO ONE OF THOSE GIANT TROUT THAT ARE ALWAYS SWIMMING UPSTREAM!



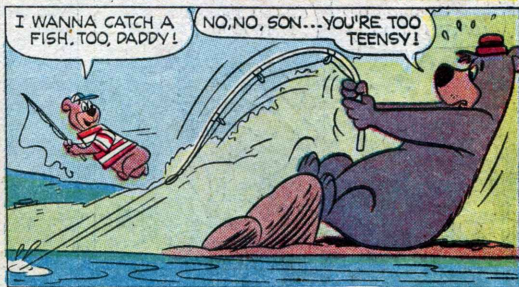
GOSH! THEY MUST BE POWERFUL FISH TO SWIM UP *THAT* STREAM!

HMM! I GOTTA HOT IDEA, YOGI!



BZZ...
BZZ...
BZZ...

HMM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



I WANNA CATCH A FISH, TOO, DADDY!

NO, NO, SON... YOU'RE TOO TEENSY!



IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HOLD ONTO A GIANT TROUT, SON!

YOU CAN CUT THE SON STUFF, BIG BOY! I'M A GROWN-UP BEAR FROM OVER YONDER!



HURRY, BOO BOO! I GOT A BITE!



SO LONG, BIG SHOT... WE'RE GOING HOME BY TROUT EXPRESS!

IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE A GROWN-UP -- GRRR!



So...

(GLUB!) HOW WE POIN' BOO BOO?

LET GO, YOGI! WE'VE MADE IT!

